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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VIRGIL F. FRAUGHTON
(Writing started in July, 1961)

I was born July 4, 1889, 2nd East on Center Street, Heber, Utah to Homer and Eliza Peterson Fraughton; started to grade school when 6 years old, at the old Central School; since burned down and rebuilt; later to an old sand rock building situated at what is now 3rd South and 2nd West called Sleepy Hollow; said building had one large room with pot belly stove in center that burned coal, a kettle of water on top to keep air conditioned. I also went to old North School to the higher grades of common school, and part of 2 school years to a sort of High School in 2 rooms of the old North School. There were 2 teachers: William Robinson and Mr. Johnson.

This writing is done from memory and full names and dates mentioned may not all be correct.

The teachers in schools I went to:

Miss Blake, Millie Murdock (later Millie Witt), Miss McDonald,
William T. Wooten, Miss Minor, Henry Aird, Miss
Orson Ryan.

My brothers and sisters were Homer D., Orpha, Stella, Max K., Juanita, Lowel, and Wendell; all deceased but myself and Wendell. We were raised in the house now owned by Len Howe, 2nd East and Center Str., Heber. For many years we got our culinary water from a well; burned wood hauled from the canyons, some coal hauled from Coalville; coaloil lamps, outside plumbing. Dad had some hay land in the North Field. We hauled the hay home and stacked it and always had some cows, horses, chickens, etc. We all worked as soon as we could get jobs. We didn't have a lot of money but we lived clean and comfortable -- thanks to our Mother.

My father did lots of fishing, hunting, trapping, prospecting, etc., and had many jobs that required good judgement, leadership, and courage. He was very strong physically and didn't fear man. He was honest and his word was always good.

Our meat supply at home many times was fish, venison, sage hens, grouse, ducks, etc. As soon as I was big enough to carry father's shot gun and re-load brass shells, I did lots of hunting and fishing. One of my greatest joys was when father took me into the mountains where he had a camp or cabin while doing assessment work on mining claims, or on a prospecting trip, when we would each have a horse to ride and a strong pack horse. We carried all of our equipment for 10 days or 2 weeks on this one horse; some bedding, flour, salt bacon, baking powder, rice, salt, Arbuckle or Lion coffee; maybe some evaporated or dried fruit, sugar, soap, and maybe a few other necessities; two frying pans -- one to bake bread in and one for cooking meat; a coffee pot, 2 cups. The coffee was not ground then in the packages. We would put some coffee beans in a cloth and pound them on a flat rock with another rock until alright for boiling.

The bread was mixed in top of the flour sack. Just roll the sack down about even with flour, make depression in flour, add salt, baking powder, maybe a little grease and water, mix carefully and leave no lumps in flour. With the fire built right, Father could bake bread to perfection with a long

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handled fry pan. With that bread and a pan full of fish not raised in a hatchery and planted - cut-throat natives, it was a grand meal. We also found many ripe berries in season.

There were willow grouse and a large blue grouse that was found mostly in a balsam grove then. We would have one of them occasionally. Those grouse are practically extinct now, along with the prairie chicken. Deer were not very plentiful then. I think that would be about 1902 or so, but we saw a buck track going into a small grove of trees. Father said he thought it would be in there, and for one to wait until he got around on the other side on a point we could see, and then come thru the grove. It worked OK, the deer came out and he shot it. That was in July. It was a small buck with horns covered with velvet. We cleaned it and dragged it into camp. We sure had a job sawing the meat. We gave some to some sheep-herders camped near us. We then cut some willows, made a rack about 2 or 3 feet high, cut and hung the meat up. After getting some salt from the sheep camp and dipping meat in the hot brine, we than made a smokey fire under the meat, and with pine boughs or willows to help keep the flies away. We called it jerked venison in about 3 days in the sun and smoke. Believe it or not it was sure good meat. It was light. We put it in salt sacks and everybody we met ate it and liked it.

While going to school I had jobs occasionally like working in the hay fields, picking potatoes, herding bucks and small bands of sheep in the hills or fields, irrigating, doing chores, milking cows, taking cows to pasture, delivering groceries for Grocery Store besides hiking thru the hills and fields; fishing, hunting and trapping squirrels, hunting rabbits, chickens, ducks, etc.

The fish and game laws, as I remember, were: you could kill game and fish to eat but if you wasted them you were an outlaw; or if you killed fish with dynamite.

When about 13 years old I worked on the Timpanogas Canal. Sam Jones was the Foreman. They were drilling and blasting where the canal goes around the hill above what was then the Burrows Ranch, near the Ike Baum Ranch. They drilled holes about 6 to 8 feet deep with double jack hammers. One man struck, one turned the drill. The drilled holes were sprung on bottom with 1/2 to 1 1/2 sticks of giant powder (or dynamite) with short fuse attached and then loaded with black powder. Al Dayton was the powderman. My job was to carry powder and help him load the holes. I also carried drinking water for the men from the spring at the old Burrows place. Burrows had just started to clear the rocks and sage and brush off that place at that time. He lived in a small building, later used for a grainery. The man-wages then was \$2.00 per day, 1/2 stock in the Canal Company. Being younger than the other men but big for my age my wage was \$1.60 per day, 1/2 stock and I think 1/2 store pay. Horses and wagons or buggies were the only means of transportation, unless you walked. I rode a horse to work on the canal with a sack of hay tied on the saddle behind me. I used to get a bad headache from handling the dynamite and was real sick some nights.

Some other wages I received when a boy was 1 sack of potatoes for picking and sacking potatoes -- worth then about 50¢. For working in the hay field 25 to 50¢ per day. As I got bigger I got more -- about \$1.50 per day.

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When the culinary water was piped from the spring above town, I dug trench with pick and shovel. Ten cents per foot, 4 ft. deep. Workers figured 30 feet was a good days work and a good wage.

Some of the things I did during the years from when I was about 16 years old to 22; about 1905 to 1911:

I worked for the Bell Telephone Company installing telephones, building and repairing lines, collecting bills, etc. I worked wiring houses for electricity and building electric lines when the Power Plant was built. Before that I worked as a camp mover for the Land and Livestock Company that had about all the land in the West Fork of the Duchesne River and Red Creek leased and run several herds of sheep. Supplies for the camp and salt were hauled by team and wagon to the old Pine Corral on the West fork of the Duchesne River and to a corral in Big Red Creek by John Oaks. Lew Lloyd and I delivered supplies to camp with a string of burrows and pack saddles. The wagon road ended at this place. Also moved camp, helped herd sheep. The herds were driven to a big corral at the head of Big Red Creek about September. The lambs were cut out and driven in a bunch along ridges to Center Creek Canyon and down to the depot at Heber and loaded on railroad cars, shipped to the East and sold.

During one summer I helped my father take care of about 650 Mexican steers bought, shipped and trailed into Strawberry Valley by M.A. Smith and a man named Beck. That was before the Strawberry Lake was there -- I don't remember the date, but we saw many outfits going thru the Valley to the Indian Reservation near Duchesne, Roosevelt, Myton, etc., of today, to try to get land. These outfits consisted of mostly people who had very little money and very poor outfits. There were no paved or gravel roads, but several mud holes where someone was stuck almost all the time. Every kind of wagon, buggy, cart or vehicle made, and some walking with pack on back. There were many sage hens in the valley then; also lots of cut-throat native trout in the streams; also many ducks and coyotes. In the fall the cattle were trailed to Heber and shipped to market.

I remember during this period (about 1904 to 1911) President of the Church (Wasatch Stake) Abraham Hatch had two stallions sent to Heber from a Horse Ranch in the eastern part of Iowa -- I think the nearest town was Greeley. He kept one and hired me to take the other one back to Iowa. The horse was put in one end of a box car and a barricade built in to hold him in. I occupied the other end of the box car with feed for the horse and some provisions for myself -- also a couple of blankets for a bed on some hay. That was an interesting trip. I could sit on a bale of hay and watch the whole country thru a box-car door. I saw many hobos in the freight yards and along the tracks. I occasionally let one ride with me in the day time. The car finally arrived at destination after about 8 or 10 days and the horse was delivered to the owner. The owner had just received a colt from Kentucky to use for a saddle horse. He asked me if I would ride it for him. I rode the colt around during one day. He offered me a job caring for horses on the ranch. After looking at all the flat country there -- the sun arose out of the ground and set the same way -- no mountains to be seen; so I decided to go back home.

About 1907 - 1908 I worked in the timber in Strawberry Canyon. The Wasatch Lumber Company had a sawmill called Mill B on the flat which is still called Mill B Flat. My father was foreman. The timber was felled and logged up by 2 men with axes and cross-cut saws; pulled by horses to skidways and loaded on wagons and hauled to Mill in the summer time; the skidway being where there was a wagon road. Also big piles of logs we skidded in the timber for hauling in the winter time with a bunk built on the front runners of a bob-sled. With a team of horses -- often the snow would be from 4 to 6 feet deep -- a road was made by the traffic thru the snow. Some horses couldn't seem to learn to walk on such a road and would step off into the soft snow and would have to be helped back on. Others would crowd into each other, afraid of falling off and have to be taken off the job. A lot of fine teams could pull a load and never make a miss-step. I think this was the largest mill in the country at that time. They made a lot of lumber and it was all hauled away with teams of horses, wagons and sleighs, mostly to Heber.

Making shingles was tried. A steam box for steaming blocks off logs and a big knife run by steam to cut the shingles. They also tried to make them with saws but neither way worked very profitable and was discontinued.

Out recreation in winter was skiing with skis we made out of the best red pine boards we could find. The ends steamed in the steam box, bent up and held in position and let dry; made with a plane and drawing knife -- a strap across the right place and a block of wood for the foot. They were a clumsy outfit compared to what they use now, but we went from the Mill over Current Creek Peak one time with some bedding and rations on our back, into Current Creek Valley, stayed in an old cabin in Coal Hollow for a couple of nights, cut holes in the ice on some beaver dams and caught fish to eat and brought some back. Some of the men that worked in the timber, some with teams and some single handed were: Otto Linder, Andy Erickson, George Olson, Homer Fraughton, Jr., Stan Marchant, Pratt Hicken, John Oaks, George Carrol, John Averett, Tobe Sessions, Harry Anderson, Thomas Mounton, Jacob Berg, George Durnall, J.T.M. Giles, Jim Anderson, Anton or Anthy Olson, Hans Hanson, Byron Averett, Len Brown, John Bowman, Nephi Chatwin, William Giles, T. DeVera Smith, Willard Hamburg, John Clift, Charles (Dick) Giles, Hyrum Mounton, and many others I can't remember now. Ernest Webb, offbearing from the saw at the Mill, was killed when caught by the saw while chopping a slab loose from the log they were sawing. The wages paid at that time were \$2.00 for single men and \$4.00 for man and team, and board.

About 1908 I worked getting out poles to be used by Heber Light & Power Company to build lines for electricity from the Plant they are still using north of Heber. The poles were taken out of Berkman Hollow in Strawberry Valley in the wintertime and hauled to Heber with horse teams. The poles were dry red pine, white pine and balsam. They were set in the center of the city streets, but were later moved. Some of the men who worked in the timber: Homer Fraughton, Wm. H. Murdock, Tobe Sessions, Andrew Fisher, John Blackley, Add Averett, Joseph Averett, John Averett. Many teams hauled them to Heber.

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I worked at the Mountain Lake Mine when William (Bill) Witt was Foreman. Jesse Knight was paying for the costs. The tunnel was into the mountain about 1 1/4 miles. A good stream of water was running out. I think the tunnel is mostly still there and the water is still still coming out and is the main supply for running the 2 power plants in Snake Creek Canyon. The track for the mine cars to run on was built on sills laid above water. I have heard the sills and timber were still in good condition. We wore rubber hats and coats when traveling thru the tunnel. There were many bow places overhead. A bumped head or a lost hat falling in the swift stream underneath the track was quite usual, especially for a beginner. The muck was pulled by a horse that walked on a plank laid between the rails of the track over the ditch. The track was very uneven and the tunnel was crooked. The last car on the train was equipped with brakes to hold train on steep places. There were not many lights; we used candles. I don't think there were any carbide or electric miners' lamps that time. There was a small compressor in the bottom of the canyon and power plant that furnished air to run drilling machines and some electricity. The man that ran the power plant was named Baldwin. While he was there he invented the loud speaker. Aunt Fanny Clyde was running the boarding house. She had her daughter, Afton, with her.

When the Murdock Power Plant and wooden pipeline was built, Leslie Ryan, Archie Briggs and I, among other workers, lived in a tent and worked on the pipeline. We had a couple of horses and a pole buggy, also a cart. We used to come to Heber to get supplies, go to dances, etc. I also drove a four horse team to Park City from the plant site to help haul machinery and parts for the plant. The road went from the Davis Ranch over the mountain thru Deer Valley and was not paved any place -- very soft and muddy when wet.

I worked as a linesman when power lines were built from Murdock Power Plant to Snake Creek Power Plant. Also from Murdock Plant to Park City. From Park City over Bonanza Flat to Utah Colation Mines near Brighton. This was done when there was 1 to 2 feet of snow and very cold weather. Also from Park City to a Zinc plant on Silver Creek below Park City.

I also worked several times on the Heber Power Plant lines in Heber, Midway and Charleston. Archie Clyde was in charge of building said lines. Later I worked with Parley Clift, also William Horner.

I worked with George A. Fisher, when he was a Forest Ranger, building and repairing a one-wire telephone line from Heber to Head of Lake Creek to Strawberry Valley to the Hub Ranger Station. Also down the West Fork of the Duchesne River and to Wolfe Creek. He topped many trees and used them to string the wire on. I also helped plant pine tree seeds on hills near Hub Ranger Station. Some of the men that worked on telephone line were: John Averett, Warren Hicken, Gail Fisher, George McMillan, and Francis Cummings.

About 1910 or 1911 the dam on Lake Trial, Lake Wall and Washington Lake at the head of Provo River were started. My father, Pete Johnson, Morgan Walker and myself were there in the spring. Later some gangs of men and teams came. The wagon road was very rough and rocky. It took about 2 days

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between Heber and Trial Lake with team and wagon. The dams were built with a dirt center and rock on both sides. All material being pulled in by horses. Rocks were pulled in on slides made from trees, called rock lizards. The middle of the dams were pulled in by scrapers, mostly wheel scrapers. There was no fish in the lakes at that time. They couldn't get to lakes on account of falls in Provo River. There were lots of water lizards, many different colors and sizes -- some maybe 12 to 15 inches long. I have seen hundreds lying on the bottom of Lake Washington. They could also travel overland between some lakes. Later when fish were planted in lakes the fish eventually exterminated the lizards. We lived in tents and cooked our own meals. The wages were \$2.50 for 8 hours for single man and \$5.00 for man and team. Peter Johnson and I batched in a tent. My grub bill averaged about 50¢ to 75¢ per day and we had plenty we thought.

There were a lot of workers at the lakes, as they worked all the dams at the same time. I worked mostly at the Wall Lake. Some of the men I remember at Wall Lake were Elishah Hicken, Cardie Clegg, John Oakes, Zedock Bethers, Louie McGuire, Bernard McGuire, Jim Orgille, John Casper, Moroni Casper, Earl Carlile, Lyman Cummings, Wade Cummings, Billie York, Joseph Evans, W.M. McDonald, Bill Milliner, Abe Ivie, Robert Sweat, George W. Bethers, Chase McDonald, Walter Humes, Eddie Clyde.

November 1911 was a time to always be remembered. I went to work for A. Hatch & Company and on November 11, 1911 married Lillie Bell. We lived in an apartment in a building on 1st North and Main Street where the Ashton Store is now located. We later bought the place where we now live: 108 South 1st East, Heber City, Utah. The house then was a log 2 room house; one room upstairs and a lean-to kitchen and small bedroom on the west side. Outside plumbing, coal stoves for cooking and heating. We had a cow, chickens and raised a pig or two.

A. Hatch & Company store in 1911 was different than the stores are now. Their freight all came to Heber by train and hauled by wagon and teams to the store. They bought sugar, salt bacon, etc., by the carload and stored it in basement and upstairs. The elevator for taking goods upstairs was run by pulling on a big endless rope that ran over a big wheel, pulleys, etc. The coal yard was situated at the railroad depot. Hay and grain was in grainerys and barns in rear of store. They also kept the horses and vehicles there. The store had many cargo accounts and many goods were delivered by the delivery wagon. People didn't collect their groceries themselves. A clerk took their order and brought them to a place on one of the big counters and wrapped or boxed them. The counters were handy for the women to change or amuse their babies, or let them sleep while they shopped. I could write a lot about the different goods we handled than and now, and only mentioned a lot of the things I have all along while writing this because the young folks of today never experienced a lot of these things.

William H. Turner was the Store Manager in 1911. Others who worked there were: Ludwig Anderson, William H. Bond, Moroni Turner, John A. Anderson, James Campbell, Eustatia Averett, Maggie Murdock, Nellie Murray and some others. The Hatch's seemed to be the owners: President Abraham Hatch, A.C. Hatch and Joseph Hatch. I think President Hatch died about _____.

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The men had to take turns at staying in store with a loaded shot-gun, of one week each.

I was employed at this store until January 1915. I was elected sheriff of Wasatch County at the November election of 1914. My traveling equipment consisted of 2 to 4 good horses, buckboard, sleigh or 2 horse cutter for winter and a saddle. I was 26 years old, the youngest sheriff in the State of Utah. There was a small town at Soldier Summit at that time. When I went there I usually went on the D. & R.G.W. train. There was a few motor vehicles around here, but there were no paved roads. Dust in summer and mud or ice in winter. A good saddle horse was much more dependable. At that time we had local option; that is, each county had a right to vote itself dry; so Wasatch County voted dry and Summit County voted wet. A lot of the people that voted dry did it for the other fellow but not for themselves. There used to be 5 saloons in Heber at one time, and if I remember right they each paid \$100.00 per month license fees. That was a lot of money in those days. The old Mc Kay and the Murdock Saloon on the west side of Main street and the Richens, Cummings and Nelson and the Cy Bishop Saloons and the Livery Stable on the east side. A single buggy and horse could be hired from the livery stables for \$1.50 for the afternoon or evening, and a surrey and team for \$3.00.

I tried to enforce the law; or what could be partly understood at that time about the Local Option Deal, without favor. Some of the good citizens were 100% behind me until they or some of their family were fined for bringing liquor into Wasatch County, then I was no good. Anyway, I made myself very unpopular by trying to do what I thought was right. I served 2 years, 1915 and 1916, and was defeated at the election. The term for sheriff at that time was 2 years.

In the spring of 1917 I went to work at the Arthur Plant of the Utah Copper Company at Garfield, Utah. My first job there was repairing vanners. Next I was sworn in as a special deputy sheriff of Salt Lake County along with some other men and worked as a guard at the plant during the first World War. I was classified by the draft board and on account of having dependants. My wife and 2 children, Virgie and Dee, I expected to be called at any time. Then November 11, 1918 the Armistice was signed. Soon after the guard force was no longer needed. My boss, George Sheets, said he would get me a job in any department I preferred, so I went to work in the machine shop. I had several jobs while there. I helped run a hydraulic press, worked on the bench, ran a lathe, a planer, an overhead crane, etc. We worked 12 hours each day most of the time.

The flu epidemic was killing a great number of people at this time. The Copper Company fixed a place above Garfield to take transient workers who got the flu. They dubbed this place 'The Pest House'. Many persons taken there died, as they did all over the Country. Nearly everyone had this disease in some form or other. I had a sore throat, a bad cough, and could hardly talk above a whisper on account of hoarseness, part of the winter, but managed to keep working. My father died that winter - I came to Heber at that time. People were not allowed to mingle together any more than they could help; no public meetings, etc. Each person wore a cloth over the face to try and avoid the contagious germ. Many strong healthy men and women took this disease

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and died soon after. My father's funeral services were held on the front porch. The people who came to pay their respects were scattered on the lawn and in the street. Lillie stayed healthy all thru the flu epidemic. Marie was born in Garfield in March 1919. Soon after we moved back to Heber. We owned our home then and have lived in it since that time.

In April 1919 I went to work for J.S. Murdock at his place on Current Creek, Duchesne County. He had a sheep shearing corral, sheds and pens that spring and many sheep were sheared -- all done with the blades. Lillie came out and spent the summer there. We had a fringe top surrey and a team of horses we used to drive to Fruitland to Brooks Store for groceries and supplies. All farm work was done with horses.

We cleared and leveled and plowed land, planted grain, etc., helped with the sheep, and all the general ranch work and chores. In the fall they put about 150 head of cattle on Current Creek mountain for the winter. It was a very hard winter that year, lots of snow and very cold. We had several good grain fed horses at the Ranch, and we had to do a lot of riding to get the cattle thru until spring. Charlie Bronson helped part of the winter. You should see him with a long mustache. L. D. Ryan and my brother Max were there part of the winter trapping and poisoning coyotes.

There were several families living in Fruitland at that time, and times were tough for them. J.S. Murdock told me to buy cedar posts from them and hire them some to clear off the willows from some land. I bought about 3000 posts at about 20¢ each. The money they received from him I think helped them to survive the winter.

In 1920 I went to work at the Heber City Exchange Company (formerly A. Hatch & Company). The building had been enlarged and made into departments. I worked in the men's clothing and furnishing department and later in the office keeping books, etc. John A. Anderson was the manager at that time

Some of the people that worked there while I was there were: Brig Horrocks, Arthur Jackman, Leonard Giles, Clayton Montgomery, Reed Kohler, Joe Jorgenson, Douglas Giles, Forest Dayton, Guy Duke, Ruth Turner, Sarah Murdock, Nora McMillan, Pearl Bagley, Pearl Witt, Emma Jacobs, Fern Bell, Ina Lawton, Gladys Briggs, Archie Buys.

About 1922 I leased the ponds at the old Heber City Mills from A.C. Hatch and built a rough building on the west bank of one pond and a loading platform on the East end. I bought an ice plow and other tools for cutting and handling ice; gathered all the sawdust and shavings I could find in the Valley with a one ton Model T Ford truck that I bought second hand. Later I also bought a 1/2 ton Model T truck.

The winter of 1922-23 I hired a horse to pull the plow and some men and sold ice on the platform for 50¢ per ton to people who put their own ice up, and about 3 or 4 hundred tons in the ice house to sell during the next summer. It was hard, cold work, but I had a lot of customers in the summer and did very well. I sold ice delivered for 50¢ per 100 lbs.. Fifty cents then would buy as much as \$1.00 now or probably more. For several winters

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while in this business I sold 5 to 6 hundred tons of ice to the Mutual Creamery Company at American Fork, where they had a large store house. We whipped it by rail to American Fork. Teams of horses on sleighs would haul the ice from the ponds to the railroad and load about 30 tons on each car.

I had to have more ice stored so I rented a pond west of Heber near the Provo River from Mark Jeffs; built a place to store more ice. At that time ice was the surest crop in the Valley. We sometimes cut a first crop of from 12 to 16 inches thick during December or January and another 12 inch crop in February.

After the ice harvest was over I generally had 2 or 3 months time before starting to deliver the stored ice. During this time I worked at different jobs, such as - the Mary Ellen Mine at the head of American Fork Canyon; a couple of times at the Park Utah Mine; in a coal mine at Kenilworth, Utah. In company with Leslie Ryan we trapped beaver in Water Hollow and Current Creek on shares for the State Fish and Game. Good beaver hides auctioned for about \$40 a piece at that time. I also trapped muskrats a couple of times. Rats sold for \$1.25 to \$1.40 just as caught. They were something to catch then and it was very interesting, but like most all of the wild animals they have almost vanished and are not worth much.

In November 1926 I was elected sheriff of Wasatch County. I took office in January 1927. I found conditions very bad in regard to the prohibition law being enforced. The Denver & Rio Grande Round House, boarding house, several business houses, gambling and bootleg joints and several hundred people were at Soldier Summit at that time. There was several moonshile stills, bootleggers and rotten whiskey all over the County.

By making many arrests for bootlegging, drunkeness and moonshining, and destroying many stills and moonshine whiskey; and sometimes with the help of the Federal Prohibition Officers, the County was made a lot cleaner in that respect.

Hunting stills in the mountains was as much fun as hunting deer. We found some that were very dirty and made poison whiskey. Sometimes dead rats drowned in the mash barrels, or the tops covered with dead flies and bugs. Also using gasoline drums made of galvanized iron instead of copper for distilling.

I was elected for 3 four year terms for sheriff and served from January 1927 to January 1940. Many things happened as they always do.

About 1930 or 32 we had what was called the depression; no jobs, no money. The Heber City Bank closed as well as a lot of others. People could only get a small portion of their money out. Virgie and Dee, our son and daughter, were going to Utah Agricultural College at that time. We had a few dollard in the Bank and some savings in a Loan & Savings Company but could get very little of that; so we really had some hard times.

People who had plenty of some things like potatoes, mutton, fruit, flour, or groceries brought some to the Courthouse and it was distributed to people that didn't have any. Also the Red Cross sent flour, fruit,

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vegetables, cracked wheat, bran, etc., by the railroad car, and that was rationed to needy people. I think it was 1932 F. D. Roosevelt was elected President and he started to give things away and started the CCC camps, P.W.A. or W.P.A., Wacks, Waves, etc.

Some chislers got in on the free goods, and some of the grain was used to make moonshine shikey, I believe. But a lot of needy people were helped.

1939 I did not run for the Sheriff job; but started to build tourist cabins -- which same are now operated by Ray and Josie Smith and called TOWN MOTEL. I had a good tourist business and did very well, except about 1942 to 1944 during World War II, gasoline and tires were rationed and there was very little travel. I rented what cabins I could to families to live in and December 1, 1942 I enrolled in the Auxiliary Military Police, U.S. Army, and worked as a Plant Guard until April 22, 1944, when I got a Certificate of Meritorious Conduct and went back to the Motel business. May 1, 1954 I sold the Motel business to Ray and Josie Smith. Since then I have retired from hard work.

For about 20 or 25 years after I was about 16 years old, I played baseball with the Heber teams. I also played occasionally with a Park City team or a Provo team.

The Heber Eagles played baseball in nearly all the towns from Salt Lake City to Nephi, sometimes going on a trip for several days to said towns, traveling in a big bus pulled by four horses, hired from the Wasatch Livery Stable. Said bus had Little Heber painted on each side and Labon Hylton was the driver. We generally had big crowds to see the games and the games were hotly contested.

The Heber team called the Eagles joined the Central Utah League for several years. The towns we played, as I remember, were Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson, and Nephi. The Heber team won the most games for 2 or 3 years. Each player got a gold watch for each time. The players who palyed most during that time as I remember were: Wallace Nelson, Ray Nelson, Glen Nelson, Art Murdock, Phares Murdock, Clarence Murdock, Don Johnson, Lee Williams, Ferg Johnson, Addie Miller, Frank Sweat, Elliott Giles, Clayton Montgomery, Bert Bonner, Bally Baird, C. D. Green, and other players when needed to make a team.